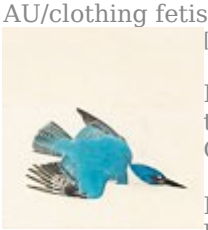
18th-Oct-2011 01:29 pm (UTC) - Supernatural, Lucifer/Gabriel, R, breathplay/bondage/Mafia AU/clothing fetish



zekkass

[ooc: this is directly related to the setting in this fic here, just so you know]

Lucifer has long fingers, just the perfect length to fit around Gabriel's neck. It's the perfect tool for his favorite method of expressing his displeasure with Gabriel's behavior.

He never lets Gabriel get away with anything, even if the news never goes beyond him. Gabriel's both appreciative of that and wary of it, but he keeps doing things the family wouldn't approve of and handing Lucifer his keys. There is a little piece of information Gabriel has over Lucifer, but when Lucifer says 'get on the bed', Gabriel gets on the bed, and that's what counts.

Lucifer's bound his hands to the headboard and secured his ankles, and it might be possible to get out of those knots if something came up, but half the time Lucifer does the knots too well. Gabriel never calls him on it.

Lucifer doesn't bother removing Gabriel's clothes, but he does frisk him, withdrawing the several guns and numerous knives hidden on Gabriel's person. Off comes the necklace too, and the tie, but when Lucifer straddles Gabriel's hips for the main event, Gabriel's still got his clothes on.

Gabriel takes in a shaky breath, and tips his head back. There's always a surge of panic that Lucifer will go too far this time, and there's always the spike of arousal the fear lights in him, and it never helps that Lucifer leaves his pants done up, because they're too tight right now - just like Lucifer's fingers now.

He lets out his breath and closes his eyes, and there. He can't breathe now, not with Lucifer clamping down and the dark behind his eyes gets closer. He won't look, he never looks: the one time he did he saw Lucifer's awful fascination with this, the lust, the complete disregard for his safety, and there's a point where the fear gets too much. Where he tries to breath with shaky shallow pants and he *can't*, and - and that's why he's not looking.

He works his mouth, tries not to panic. It's getting worse, and Lucifer's still holding on, and it's going to *keep* getting worse until Lucifer lets go, and if he could talk he would beg, he's scared, he's terrified, he's going to die -

Lucifer lets go, quick as ripping off a band-aid.

Gabriel gasps, eyes opening, light and air filling him, and Lucifer looks content. Peaceful.

"I believe we have our understanding," Lucifer says, getting up, putting his hand over Gabriel's crotch. His touches are gentle, light - it's enough to make Gabriel gasp in an entirely different way.

Lucifer smiles thinly and lifts his hand, and sets to untying Gabriel. "Perhaps another time."

Gabriel slowly sits up, rubbing his wrists. It's disappointing, but it's up to Lucifer. That's the entire point of this entire scene.

Lucifer catches him after he's done in the bathroom and pulls him to sit on the bed. He helps Gabriel rearm and reholster all of his equipment, and he lets Gabriel steal his touches where he will.

He lets Gabriel kiss him, and he doesn't admit to himself that this part here, this little ritual after the entire scene - the complete trust displayed by Gabriel through all of it, the love he shows now - he won't say a word, but it's the reassuring reason behind all of it.

It's why he keeps Gabriel at his side.